

The Historie of

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your felues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the iearing and disdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace coosin, say no more.
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
He read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in good-night, or sinke or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs
To rowse a Lyon, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without coriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures heere,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy,

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hot. He keepe them all

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them.

No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

Henry the fourth.

He keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will: thats flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer:
But I will finde him when he lies a sleepe,
And in his eare he hollo Mortimer:
Nay, he haue a starling shalbe taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you coolen a word.

Hot. All studies here I toleminly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell kinsman, he take to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waspe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Glocestershire;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnckle kept,
His vnckle Yorke, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this King of smiles; this Bullingbrooke:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkly castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candie deale of curtesie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde coosen:

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